The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 7, 1868. VOL. 62.—WHOLE No. 5,429.

JPReed Aug68

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE is published every Friday morning by MEYERS & MENGEL, at $2.00 per annum, *if paid strictly in advance*; $2.50 if paid within six months; $3.00 if not paid within six months. *All subscription accounts MUST be settled annually.* No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for IN ADVANCE, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

All ADVERTISEMENTS for a less term than three months TEN CENTS per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional All resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of marriages and deaths exceeding five lines, *ten cents* per line. Editorial notices fifteen cents per line.

All legal Notices of every kind, and Orphans' Court and Judicial Sales, are required by law to be published in both papers published in this place.

☞ All advertising due after first insertion.

A liberal discount is made to persons advertising by the quarter, half year, or year, as follows:

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
*One square	$ 4 50	$ 6 00	$10 00
Two squares	6 00	9 00	16 00
Three squares	8 00	12 00	20 00
Quarter column	14 00	20 00	35 00
Half column	18 00	25 00	45 00
One column	30 00	45 00	80 00

*One square to occupy one inch of space.

JOB PRINTING, of every kind, done with neatness and dispatch. THE GAZETTE OFFICE has just been refitted with a Power Press and new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.—TERMS CASH.

☞ All letters should be addressd to

MEYERS & MENGEL,
Publishers.

Dry-Goods, etc.

CASH BUYERS, TAKE NOTICE!

SAVE YOUR GREENBACKS!

NEW
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
just received,
At J. M. SHOEMAKER'S Store,
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

Having just returned from the East, we are now opening a large stock of Fall and Winter Goods, which have been BOUGHT FOR CASH, at nett cash prices, and will be SOLD CHEAP. This being the only full stock of goods brought to Bedford this season, persons will be able to suit themselves better, in style, quality and price, than at any other store in Bedford. The following comprise a few of our prices, viz:

Calicoes, at 10, 12, 14, 15, 16 and the best at 18 cents.

Muslins at 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, and and the best at 22 cents.

All Wool Flannels from 40 cts. up.

French Merinoes, all wool Delaines, Coburgs, &c.

SHAWLS —Ladies', children's and misses' shawls, latest styles; ladies' cloaking cloth.

MEN'S WEAR—Cloths, cassimeres, satinetts, jeans, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES—In this line we have a very extensive assortment for ladies, misses, children, and men's and boys' boots and shoes, all sizes and prices, to suit all.

HATS—A large assortment of men's and boys' hats.

CLOTHING—Men's and boys' coats, pants and vests, all sizes and prices.

SHIRTS, &c.—Men's woolen and muslin shirts; Shakspeare, Lockwood and muslin-lined paper collars; cotton chain (single and double, white and colored).

GROCERIES—Coffee, sugar, syrups, green and black teas, spices of all kinds, dye-stuffs, &c.

LEATHER—Sole leather, French and city calf skins, upper leather, linings, &c.

☞ We will sell goods on the same terms that we have been for the last three months—cash, or note with interest from date. No bad debts contracted and no extra charges to good paying customers to make up losses of slow and never paying customers. Cash buyers always get the best bargains, and their accounts are always settled up.

J. M. SHOEMAKER,
Bedford, Sep.27,'67. No. 1 Anderson's Row.

10 per cent. saved in buying your goods for cash, at J. M. SHOEMAKER'S cash and produce store, No. 1 Anderson's Row.
sep27

GREAT BARGAINS!

The undersigned have opened a very full supply of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Our stock is complete and is not surpassed in EXTENT,

QUALITY AND CHEAPNESS.

The old system of

"TRUSTING FOREVER"

having exploded, we are determined to

SELL GOODS UPON THE SHORTEST PROFIT FOR CASH OR PRODUCE.

☞ To prompt paying customers we will extend a credit of *four months*, but we wish it expressly understood, after the period named, account will be due and interest will accrue thereon.

BUYERS FOR CASH

may depend upon

GETTING BARGAINS.

nov1,'67 A. B. CRAMER & CO.

NEW GOODS!! NEW GOODS!!

The undersigned has just received from the East a large and varied stock of New Goods, which are now open for examination, at

MILL-TOWN,

two miles West of Bedford, comprising everything usually found in a first-class country store, consisting, in part, of

Dry-Goods,
Delaines,
Calicoes,
Muslins,
Cassimers,
Boots and Shoes,
Groceries,
Notions,
&c., &c.

All of which will be sold at the most reasonable prices.

☞ Thankful for past favors, we solicit a continuance of the public patronage.

☞ Call and examine our goods.

may24,'67. G. YEAGER

NEW ARRIVAL.—Just received at M. C. FETTERLY'S FANCY STORE, Straw Hats and Bonnets, Straw Ornaments, Ribbons Flowers, Millinery Goods, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Bead-trimmings, Buttons, Hosiery and Gloves, White Goods, Parasols and Sun-Umbrellas, Balmorals and Hoop Skirts, Fancy Goods and Notions, Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Our assortment contains all that is new and desirable. Thankful for former liberal patronage we hope to be able to merit a continuance from all our customers. Please call and see our new stock.
may31

A RARE CHANCE IS OFFERED ALL PERSONS
To display their Goods;
To sell their Goods:
To gather information;
To make known their wants;
&c., &c. &c. &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.,
by advertising in the columns of THE GAZETTE.

Dry-Goods, &c.

GLORIOUS NEWS!
FOR
THE PEOPLE!

TELL IT! EVERYBODY TELL IT!

COTTON NO LONGER KING!

G. R. OSTER & CO.

Are now receiving at their NEW STORE a large and carefully selected stock of new and CHEAP Dry Goods, Furs, Clothing, Carpetings, Oil cloths, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Wall papers, Willow-ware, Queens-ware, Oils, Tobaccos, Segars, &c., together with an extensive assortment of Fresh Groceries, which for extent and CHEAPNESS is unrivaled in Central Pennsylvania, all of which they offer wholesale or retail at prices that defy competition. Piles of calico prints and muslin from 6¼ cents up to sublime quality.

They invite all to call, see for themselves and be convinced.

TERMS.—POSITIVELY CASH ON DELIVERY, unless otherwise specified.

Beoford, Pa., Dec.13,'67m3.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.
Imperial Bargain Store.
December 12, 1867.

J. C. Wright is admitted to an interest in our business from this date. The style of our firm is changed to G R Oster & Co.

Bedford, Pa., jan31m1 G. R. & W. OSTER.

MUSLINS! MUSLINS!
Just received at the
IMPERIAL BARGAIN STORE!

New York Mills Utica Nonpareil, Wamsutta Mills, Williamsville, Fruit of the Loom, None-such, Semper Idem, Lonsdale, Hope Mills, Congress, &c., together with other first class makes, in bleached and unbleached, at the lowest prices. As muslins are now advancing, we think it a very safe time for families to lay in a supply.

Bedford, Pa., jan31m1 G. R. OSTER & Co.

Attorneys at Law.

S. L. RUSSELL. J. H. LONGENECKER.

RUSSELL & LONGENECKER,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.,

Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to their care. Special attention given to collections and the prosecution of claims for Back Pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c.

OFFICE, on Juliana Street, south of the Court House. apr5,'67tf

J. MCD. SHARPE. E. F. KERR.

SHARPE & KERR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. BEDFORD, PA., will practice in the courts of Bedford and adjoining counties Office on Juliana st., opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell. [March 2, '66.

J. R. DURBORROW. | JOHN LUTZ.

DURBORROW & LUTZ,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.,

Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice.

They are, also, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Lands, &c.

Office on Juliana street, one door South of the "Mengel House," and nearly opposite the *Inquirer* office.

JOHN P. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his services to the public.

Office second door North of the Mengel House.
Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

ESPY M. ALSIP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, back pay, bounty, &c., speedily collected.

Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, two doors South of the Mengel House.
Jan. 22, 1864.

F. M. KIMMELL. | J. W. LINGENFELTER.

KIMMELL & LINGENFELTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.,

Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law. Office on Juliana street, two doors South of the "Mengel House."

G. H. SPANG, ATTORNEY AT LAW BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.

Office on Juliana Street, three doors south of the "Mengel House," opposite the residence of Mrs. Tate.
May 13, 1864.

B. F. MEYERS. | J. W. DICKERSON.

MEYERS & DICKERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Bedford, Pa., office same as formerly occupied by Hon. W. P. Schell, two doors east of the GAZETTE office, will practice in the several courts of Bedford county. Pensions, bounty and back pay obtained and the purchase and sale of real estate attended to. [may11,'66.

HAYES IRVINE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office with G. H Spang, Esq., on Juliana Street, two doors South of the Mengel House. [may24,67.

Dentistry.

J. N. HICKOK, | J. G. MINNICH, JR.,

DENTISTS,
BEDFORD, PA.

Office in the Bank Building, Juliana St.

All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully performed, and warranted. Tooth Powders and mouth Washes, excellent articles, always on hand.

TERMS—CASH.
Bedford, January 6, 1865.

DENTISTRY!

Dr. H. VIRGIL PORTER,
(late of New York city.)
DENTIST,

Would respectfully inform his numerous friends and patrons, that he is still

IN BLOODY RUN,

where he may be found at all times prepared to insert those *BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL TEETH*, at the low price of from TEN to EIGHTEEN DOLLARS per set.

TEETH EXTRACTED, without pain.

☞ Temporary sets inserted if desired.

☞ All operations warranted.

☞ Special attention is invited to Dr. Porter's scientific method of preserving decayed and aching teeth. H. VIRGIL PORTER.
jan3,'68tf

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between Richard Langdon and James G Slenker, under the style and title of Langdon and Slenker, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will hereafter be continued by the said Richard Langdon. RICHARD LANGDON.
JAS. G. SLENKER.
Riddlesburg, Pa., Oct. 11, '67.—m3

Dry-Goods, &c.

ANOTHER VETO ON HIGH PRICES!

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY

by buying your GOODS of

MILLER & BOWSER,

Mann's Corner, - - - BEDFORD, Pa.

They are now opening a choice variety of

NEW AND DESIRABLE

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Dry-Goods,
Ready-Made Clothing,
Fancy Goods,
Notions,
Cotton Yarn,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Groceries,
Queensware,
Wooden ware,
Tobacco and Cigars,
Brooms,
Baskets,
&c., &c., &c.

LOOK AT SOME OF THEIR PRICES:

CALICO, at 8, 10, 12, 15, 16.

GINGHAM, at 12½, 15, 18, 20.

MUSLIN, at 10, 12, 14, 15, 18, 20.

☞ Cassimeres, Cloths, Satinetts and Ladies' Sacking, at very low prices.

☞ Ladies', Gents' and Misses' Shoes, Sandals and Over-Shoes, in great variety.

☞ Men's, Boys' and Youths' Boots.

☞ Best Coffee, Tea, Sugar and Syrup in the market. Prices low

☞ Feed, Flour, &c., for sale at all times.

☞ We invite all to call and see our goods and compare prices before buying elsewhere.

☞ Our motto is, *Short Profits.*

☞ TERMS—Cash, Note or Produce.

oct25,'67

WINTER IS COMING!

PREPARE FOR COLD WEATHER!

The undersigned hast just received from the Eastern Cities, a large and varied stock of

WINTER CLOTHING,

which he will sell very CHEAP FOR CASH or COUNTRY PRODUCE. All wool pants and vests as low as $8.00 to $12.00; overcoats, from $8.00 to $30.00; cloths, cassimeres, cassinetts, &c., of the best quality, and at the lowest prices; under-clothing, such as under-shirts and drawers, at $1.00 each; also, flannel shirts, at $1.75.

He has also on hand a large assortment of

DRY-GOODS,

such as ladies' dress goods, consisting of all wool delaines; calicoes, at 10, 12, 15 and 16 cents per yard; muslins, at 10, 12, 14 and 20; also NOTIONS in great variety; queensware, groceries, hoop-skirts, cotton-chain, tobacco and cigars, &c., &c. And a good supply of gum coats and blankets always on hand. Gum blankets at $1.75.

Thankful for past favors, he would solicit the continued patronage of the public, feeling confident that he can please all who purchase at his store. Remember the place, the "Old Colonnade," southeast corner of Richard and Pitt streets, Bedford, Pa. ISAAC LIPPEL.
nov1m3

NEW FIRM! NEW FIRM!

GOOD GOODS ARE DOWN!

SCHELLSBURG AHEAD!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

just received and will be sold

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Call at BLACK & MARBOURG'S,

in Schellsburg,

IF YOU WANT CHEAP GOODS of any kind!

We have no big stock of old goods at big prices.

Our stock is nearly all fresh and new. Look at some of our prices:

MUSLINS, from 10 to 17 cents.

CALICOS, from 8 to 15 cents.

CLOTHS and CASSIMERES at reduced prices.

DRESS GOODS, all kinds, cheaper than before the war.

ALL WOOLEN GOODS 25 per cent. cheaper than any that have been sold this season.

Gloves,
Hosiery,
etc., etc., etc., very low.

Groceries,
Queensware,
Wooden Ware
&c., &c.,
at the lowest market prices.

If you want Good Bargains and Good Goods, call at BLACK & MARBOURG'S.
Schellsburg, Dec. 6m3

SELECT POETRY.

The following poem was written by the late Dr. H. Harbaugh, and first appeared in his magazine, *The Guardian*. A quaint originality pervades it throughout. Those who understand the Pennsylvania *patois*, will find it a rare treat. We shall give a translation next week:

HAEMWEH.

I.

Ich wees net was die Ursach is'—
Wees net warum Ich's thu'
En jedes yohr mach Ich der Weg
Der alte Haemath zu.
Hab weiters nix Zu suche' dort—
Ke Erbschaft un ke Geld;
Un' doch treibt mich das Haem-gafuehl
So stark wie alle Welt;
Nord start Ich ewa ab, un geh'
Wie owa schon gemelt.

II.

Wie naecher das Ich komm zum Ziel,
Wie sterker will Ich geh;
For eppes in meim Hertz werd letz
Un' thut mir kreislich weh—
Der letschte Hivel spring Ich nuf,
Un' eps Ich drowa bin
Streck Ich mich uf so hoch Ich kan
Un' guk mit luschta hin,
Ich seh's alt Stehaus durch die Baeme,
Un' wot Ich wer schon drin.

III.

Guk wie der Kuecha Schanshte schmok'd—
Wie oft hab Ich sel k'seh!
Wann ich draus in de Felder war,
A Buwele yung un' kle.
O sensecht die Fenschter scheibe dort?
Sie gucke roth wie Blut;
Hab oft considert,—doch net g'wist,
Das sell die Sonn so thut;
Ya, manches wees en kind noch net—
Wan's deht, wers a' net gut!

IV.

Wie gleich Ich selle Babble Baeme
Sie stehn wie Brueder daar;
Un' uf em Gippel—g'wis Ich leb!
Hockt alleweil e' Staar!
S' Gippel buegt sich—guk wie's gaunsched—
Er hebt sich awer fescht.
Ich seh sei rothe flugela plain,
Wan er sei Fettere wescht;
Will wetta das sei Fraule hot
Uf sellem Bame a Nescht!

V.

O, es gedenkt mir noch ganz gut,
We selle verry Baeme,
Net groeser als en Welshkorn-stock,
Gebrocht sin warra Haeme.
Die Mamme war ans Grandat's g'west,
Dort warra Baeme wie die;
Drei Wiplein hot sie mit gebrocht
Un' g' sat: "Dort plantzt sie hie."
Mir hens gethu—un' glabscht dus now—
Dort, selle Baeme sin sie!

VI.

Guk!—werklich Ich bin schier am Haus!—
Wie schnell get doch die Zeit!
Wann m'r so in Gedanke geht
So werts m'r net wie weit.
Dort is der shop, die welshkorn Crib,
Die Cider-press dort drahs;
Dort is die Scheur, un dort die Spring—
Frish quellt das Wasser raus;
Un' guk! die same alt klapbord Fens,
Un's Taerle vor em Haus.

VII.

Alles is still!—sie wissa net
Das Epper Fremdes kommt.
Ich denk der alte Watch is Tod,
Schonst wer er raus gejumpt;
For er hot als vorschinert brillt
Wan er hot's Taerle g'hoert;
Es war d'a Travlers greislich bang,
Sie werra gans verstehrt;
Ke g'fohr—er hot paar mol gegautzt,
Nord is er um gekert.

VIII.

Alles is still!—die Tare is zu!
Ich steh—besinne mich!
Es rappelt doch e wenig now
Dort hinna in der Kuech.
Ich geh net nei—Ich kann noch net!
Mei Hertz fuelt schwer un' krank;
Ich geh e wenig uf die Borch
Un hok mich uf die Bank—
Es seht mich niemand wan ich heul,
Hinter der Trauwarank!

IX.

Zwe Blaetz sin do uf derra Borch,
Die halt Ich hoch in acht,
Bis meines Leben's Sonn versinkt
In stiller Todes Nacht!
Wo ich vom alte Vater-haus
S'erscht mol bin ganga fort,
Stand mei Mamme weinend da
An sellem Riegel dort!
Un nix is mir so heilig now
Als grada seller Ort!

X.

Ich kann sie Heut noch sehna steh
Ihr Schnuptuch in der Hand;
Die Backa roth—die Auge nass—
O wie sie doch do stand!
Dort gab Ich ihr my Ferrewell,
Un' weinte als Ich's gab,
S' war's letzte mol in derra Welt,
Das Ich's ihr gewa hab!
Before Ich widder komma bin
War sie in ihrem Grab!

XI.

Now wan Ich an my Mamme denk,
Un' mane Ich det sie seh,
So steht sie an dem Riegel dort,
Un' weint weil Ich wek geh!
Ich seh sie net im Schockle Stuhl,
Net an kem annere Ort—
Ich denk net an sie als im Grab—
Yuscht steht sie immer vor mein Hertz
Un' weint noch liebreich fort!

XII.

Was machts das Ich so dorthie guk,
An sell End von der Bank!
Wescht du's? Mei Hertz is noch net tod,
Ich wees es—Gott sei dank!
Wie manchmal sats mei Tatty dort
Am Sommer Nachmittag?
Die Handen uf der schoos gekreitzt—
Sei Stock bei seite lag.
Was hot er dort im stilla denkt
Wer moecht es wissa—Sag?

XIII.

Veleicht is es e kindheit's Traum,
Das ihn so sanft bewegt;
Oder is er e Yungling jetzt,
Der Schoena Planna legt!
Er hebt sei Auga uf yuscht now,
Un' gukt weit ueber's Feld,
Er seht veleicht der Kirchhof dort,
Der schon die Mamme haelt!
Er sehnt verleicht nach seiner Ruh
Dort in der bessere Welt!

XIV.

Ich wees net soll Ich nei in's Haus—
Ich zitter an der Tehr!
Es is wol alles foll inside,
Un' doch is alles lehr!
'Sis net meh Haem wie's emol war
Un kans a nimme sei;
Was naus mit unsere Eltere geht,
Kommt Ewig nimme nei!
Die Freude hat der Tod ge-ernt,
Das Trauertheil is mei!

XV.

So geths in derra rauhe Welt
Wo alles mus vergeh!
Ya, in der alte Haemath gar,
Fuehlt m'r sich all alleh!
O wan's net fuhr den Himmel wer,
Mit seiner schoene Ruh,
Dann wer's m'r do schon lang verlaed,
Ich wisst net was Z' thu,
Doch Hoffnung leuchtet meinem Weg
Der ew'gen Haemath Zu.

XVI.

Dort is en schon,' schon' Fater-haus;
Dort geht m'r nimme fort;
Es weint ke gute Mamme meh
In sellem freude Ort.
Ke Tatte sucht meh for en Grab,
Wo was er lieb hat liegt!
Sell is ke Elend-Welt wie die,
Wo alle Lusch betruegt;
Dort hat das Lewa ewiglich,
Ueber den Tod gesiegt.

XVII.

Dort find m'r was m'r do verliert,
Un' palts in Ewigkeit;
Dort Lewa unsere Tode all
In licht un' ewiger Freud!
Wie oft, wan Ich in Truwell bin,
Denk ich an selle Ruh,
Un wot, wan's nur Gott's Wille wer,
Ich ging ihr schneller Zu,
Doch wart Ich bis mei Stunde Schlaegt,
Nort sag Ich—Welt, Adieu!

ONLY A DOLLAR.

"She sews very nicely," said Mr. Wharton: "really, very nice indeed. And if you have any work you wish done well and cheaply, I would advise you to employ her."

Mrs. Wharton was sitting before the bright fire of anthracite coal, in her crimson silk morning wrapper, with her glossy hair smooth as satin, and her pretty hands, loaded with rich rings, lying in her lap. She felt that she was doing a charitable deed in employing this poor and deserving soldier's widow, and a still greater one in recommending her friends.

It is so easy to be a good Christian, under some circumstances!

"Well, I shall certainly send for her," said Mrs. Marvin. "What did you tell me her name and address was?"

"Oh, she is called Mrs. Leggett, and lives in one of these horrid musty tenement housse, No.—, street, the back room in the third story."

Mrs. Marvin entered the details in little pearl-bound tablets, and took her leave, internally convinced that Mrs. Wharton was a "good Samaritan," of the very highest class.

Meanwhile the latter lady was gazing dreamily into the fire, and wondering what toilets would be most appropriate for the morrow evening's soiree.

"There's my pea green satin," mused Mrs. Wharton, checking off the various garments on the tips of her white fingers; "but I've worn it there already. And there's my Marie Louise blue silk, if this skirt was only gored a little more. The lemon-colored brocade is not becoming to me. I'm sorry I bought it. And the white grenadine not worn at Mrs. Armyn's. My wine-colored silk, with the ruby set, would look well, if the odious Fanny Palmer hadn't got one just like it. And purple velvet don't light up well at night. Oh, dear! I really think I must have something new. A rose-colored tissue, perhaps, or a white India muslin. My wardrobe is getting dreadfully behind hand. Dear me! who's that? How you startled me, Mrs. Leggett!"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, I am sure," said the slender, meek-looking little seamstress, rustlnig softly forward, in her garments of shabby, well-worn black; "but I knocked twice, and you did not answer."

"Then you should knock louder, next time," said the irritable, fine lady.—"However, now that you are here, you may as well sit down. Good gracious, how wet you are—positively dripping!"

"Yes, ma'am; it is raining very hard, and I have no umbrella."

"No umbrella? Dear me, how shocking! Well, did you bring home those things?"

"Yes, ma'am: here they are"

And the seamstress produced a neat packet from beneath her shawl.

"I hope to goodness you didn't get them wet? No: they seem tolerably dry. What is the bill?"

"Six dollars, ma'am."

"Six dollars! Isn't that high, Mrs. Leggett?" said Mrs. Wharton, discontentedly.

"I worked eleven days faithfully on them, ma'am."

"Well, I suppose I must pay what you ask?" said Mrs. Wharton, opening her purse, and slowly examining its compartments. "Dear me! I have only a five dollar bill. I suppose you could not change a twenty?"

Mrs. Leggett smiled bitterly:

"No ma'am, I could not."

"Well, then, we'll call it five dollars, won't we? A dollar isn't much either way, and the five is all I've got."

"A dollar is a grat deal to me, Mrs. Wharton."

The lady's smooth brow contracted: "I have given you a great deal of work, Mrs. Leggett."

"I know it, ma'am, and I am very much obliged to you for your kindness."

"And I should be sorry to have so trifling a thing as a dollar part us now."

Mrs. Leggett was silent; she did not know what to say.

"Call it five dollars," said Mrs. Wharton, tossing the bill into the lap of the soldier's widow; "a dollar don't signify, and I recommended my friend Mrs. Marvin, to employ you only this morning."

"Thank you madam," said the poor woman, faintly, as she took the money, feeling inwardly that she had been defrauded, yet perfectly aware that she had no means of redress.

And she once more went forth into the rain and tempest of the dismal November morning.

"Ma'am, if you please," said Mary the waitress, "here's the newspaper boy—he says master told him you would pay the bill this week."

"How much is it, Mary?"

"A dollar, ma'am."

"How provoking, I haven't a dollar in the house."

"He says he has orders not to leave the house until it is paid."

"He is very impertinent," said the lady, coloring up, and, for the first time in her petted life, feeling the want of a dollar.

Mrs. Clarence Fitzgerald was the next person announced—a lady of the utmost style, whose acquaintance Mrs. Wharton had just succeeded in making.

"You will stare at my being out in this storm, my dear," floating gracefully into the apartment, "but I am raising a dollar subscription for a poor musician who has just broken his arm. Of course I may depend upon you?"

Mrs. Wharton colored: "I will send it round in the morning."

"That won't do," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, shrugging her shoulders. "I am determined to settle the business to day."

"I am very sorry," said our mortified heroine, "but I have not a dollar."

Mrs. Fitzgerald bowed coldly—evidently she did not believe the protestation—and Mrs. Wharton saw her enter her coupe and drive away, with the comfortable consciousness that she would be invited to no more of Mrs. Clarence Fitzgeralds' delightfully exclusive parties.

"Mrs. Wharton," said the cook, there's a boy at the door from the fruiteries—he has an elegant pine apple Mrs. Pepper sent round."

"It will be the very thing I want for dessert," said Mrs. Wharton; "how much is it?

"A dollar, ma'am."

Once more the everlasting dollar!—Mrs. Wharton bit her lip with vexation.

"Tell him to leave it, Bridget, and I'll call and settle to-morrow."

"He says, ma'am, Mrs. Dalton wants it, if ye don't happen to have the money handy. Pine apples doesn't go beggin' this season of the year."

"Let Mrs. Dalton have it, then; I will never buy another article of Pepper."

Mrs. Wharton was considerably annoyed.

"To think a dollar should be such a useful thing!" she muttered to herself, taking up her portfolio.

A half-finished letter lay there—one to her sister, who was the wife of a clergyman out West, with a flock of little children around her. The last words she had written were, "I send you a dollar to buy a doll for the baby, my little namesake."

"How provoking she exclaimed, "I can't even finish my letter, for lack of the everlasting dollar!"

She leaned back in the velvet cushion of her chair, and drowsily watching the blaze and listening to the patter of the rain against the window, fell fast asleep.

Where was she? In the spectre-boat of Charon, gliding over the river Styx—and as the bark touched the shores of the other world, the ghastly toll-gatherer extended his hand relentlessly: "Your fare, if you please, ma'am."

Mrs. Wharton had her fare ready—she handed it up, eager to pass through the Gates where she could see the musical wave of the palm trees and the sparkle of glittering tides that flowed beneath their shadow.

"Short by a dollar, ma'am, short by the single dollar you cheated the poor seamstress out of. You cannot enter!"

Mrs. Wharton drew a hundred dollar bill out. The grim Cerberus shook his head:

"If you had ten thousand, it wouldn't do. Nothing will serve our purpose but that one dollar!"

Charon turned the boat briskly round. Mrs. Wharton was just opening her lips to utter a wild cry of anxious pleading—when she woke up.

"I have been dreaming," said Mrs. Wharton, looking round the cozy room; "but dear me, what a frightful dream it was. That one dollar! will the recording angel really set it down against me, in the latter day accounts."

She shuddered; somehow the dollar has assumed preternaturally large demensions!

"Charles! Charles!" How welcome was the footstep of her husband upon the stairs.

"Well, what is it?"

"Have you a dollar?"

"Half a dozen of 'em, if you want."

"But I only want one—a one dollar bill."

He gave it to her—she rang the bell.

"John, I want you to put on your India-rubber cloak and take this bill 'round to Mrs. Leggett! Tell her it is what I owe her!"

John departed, and Mrs. Wharton breathed more easily.

"Perhaps they will let me into the Gates, now!" she said dreamedly.

"My dear, what do you mean?" demanded her astonished husband.

And Mrs. Wharton told him the story of her day's adventures, and the dream that had closed them.

"Helen," said her husband gravely, "let this be a lesson to you never to neglect the just dues of the poor. A dollar is not much to us—to them it may be the last bulwark between them and starvation."

But there was no danger of Mrs. Wharton's forgetting the lesson she had received.

FREEMEN OF THE NORTH, ARE YOU FREE? ARISE AND SPEAK.

Freemen of the North! Know that the clutch of usurpation is at the throat of your Ministers of Justice; that your treacherous servants, determined to destroy your Constitution, defended by your Chief Magistrate, have desperately resolved upon abnegating the legislative branch of your government, entrusted to their perfidious hands, and in order to demolish all restraint of treason, are about to destroy all the departments of government, even their own, and lifting your liberties from your sovereign shoulders, to lay all at the feet of a military despot. Know, people of the great free North, that your chains are forged, that the bayonets, as it were, are sharpened, the muskets charged, the orders written that are to mete out to each one of you what liberty, what property, what life he shall retain. Behold at your firesides the appartiion of the guard for a midnight arrest; in your places of worship, the armed censors of your prayers; in your fields, at your work tables, on the high roads, the snaky and skulking detective. Listen! You may hear the drum as it drops in at your startled ear, the palsy that thickens your yet free tongue. We tell you that the Supreme Court is to be struck down, that the equal balance in the Three Great Departments is swaying from its equilibrium; that the great tripod of the Republic is to be broken up; that from your political temples your betrayers are banishing your gods, and from the Genius of your freedom are wrenching her inviolable scepter; that a few wretches, drunk upon irresponsible power, loathsome with guilt, hideous with blood, and mad with lust, may riot in your halls of power, through the degradation of the South, your liberties are to be destroyed, your Constitution subverted, your Republic dissolved, and your name dishonored among nations forever.

Arise, freemen, in your fiery majesty! Consume with the lighting of your powerful rebuke this devilish combination of perfidy and greed. Shake off the fatal incredulity which lays you supine in the midst of peril, and let not the sun go down ere you have shaken the earth with your mighty tread. Gather, in every hamlet in the land, from Eastport to Astoria, and send up to Heaven the shout of your indignation. The winding sheet of your freedom is woven and its coffin made.—Shall it die and be buried?—*National Intelligencer.*

THE STEAM MAN.

Few men have been more talked of or wondered at during the past fortnight than Mr. Deddick's steam man—certainly none in as short an existence have become so widely famous. Many persons incredulously received the story of its creation, and ridiculed the idea of an iron man moved by machinery. Several accidents in experimenting persuaded others that the project was only visionary, and could never become an available power. A few practical machinists, however, sympathizing with Mr. Deddrick, were confident of success. Their hopes have been realized, and now the wonderful piece of mechanism, if it would but speak, would undoubtedly exclaim "*Homo sum!*" The delays that were experienced in introducing his majesty to the public were occasioned by weakness of the knees, brought on perhaps by over excitement in view of the trial to which he was to be subjected.

The old spiral springs which we described as being necessary to throw the foot foward have been superseded by stronger of more simple construction. Yesterday steam was generated and he (or it?) performed to the entire satisfaction of admiring friends. Last night a trial trip was made through Broad street, to Crump's garden, opposite Military Park, where the machine will be exhibited to the public during the coming week. Mr. Deddrick has been almost besieged by the calls of the curious and floods of letters have poured in from all parts of the country.

A crowd of Newarkers, the day after the publication of the description of the invention in our columns, thronged the door-way and effectually darkened the windows of the shop, threatening to deter the machinists from completing their work. A large United States flag which some enthusiastic individual has presented to the inventor, has been arranged so as to allow the "man" some privacy, and the besiegers are dropping off in their attentions. One day last week, a committee of five gentlemen from Albany called upon Mr. Deddrick, to decide a bet as to whether there was any reality in the thing, as it was thought by some that it was only a newspaper hoax. Nearly fifty letters, asking for further information, have been received. Some contain orders for men and propositions for territorial rights for the manufacture and sale of them.

A gentleman from Chicago thinks the affair is just what is needed for work upon the prairies and level lands of the West, and proposes that it be allowed "to walk to Chicago," as the sensation produced would eclipse Weston's in his pedestrian trip. Other parties make equally encouraging propositions. Some are exceedingly facetious. A person in Pennsylvania wants a male and female, that he may stock his place.

Among the letters are five from ladies pretending to be in search of husbands. One gentleman wants a lady made to order, but the inventor ungallantly replied that as his creatures do not talk, he is doubtful whether a woman would be a success.—*Newark Advertiser.*